# THE BOURBON NEWS.

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### MY BEAUTIFUL MOTHER.

I see her again as she sits in her chair. Her pure, pallid face, her silver kis't hair, And I think the wide world holds never an-So fair and so sweet as my beautiful

mother.

O, my beautiful mother! with love in her Which once were as blue as the midsummer

And a smile on her lips, which with tenderness glows-The lips which were once as the pink of the

Your years have been spent in the deeds half divine, Which only a mother with love can entwine: And out of the lessons which doubt cannot

smother. I turn to the faith of my beautiful mother.

And, once more, I kneel at the foot of His And ask, as a sinner, to let me atone For speech that was reckless of hurt to

And wounded the heart of my beautiful mother.

And I say as I look on her, there in her chair-A spirit about her which breathes of

praver-In all the wide world there's never another So fair and so sweet as my beautiful

-Rosa Pearle, in Chicago Tribune.

## QUEER DOINGS.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.



OUNG Mrs. Quintessing held in her hand an envelope and gazed fondly at the address

upon it:

name; it had such an aristocratic and that surely was the proper word for describing the high degree of Ralph's manly qualities. Ralph, sitting opope had held. It was merely a friendly note of invitation from Will Hartley, his of the first anniversary of his wedding.

"Shall we go?" he inquired. Mrs. Quintessing frowned slightly. She had met Mrs. Hartley but once, and besides, though she would not confess it, she stood rather in awe of city festivities, for she had lived in a country village all her life. "It will be full dress," she said.

"Yes," he assented.

"We would have to hire a coach, and better not go, Ralph."

said, a shade of disappointment in his tone; "but I'm afraid that Will won't like it."

all, for early the next morning came the matter, and Ralph ordered a coach, and bouquets for three, regardless of cost, and then a new idea occurred to Mrs. Quintessing. "It's a cotton wedding, of course, and we'll need to take presents."

"Surely enough," cried Florence, "though we never thought of it. The invitations said nothing about it."

"That's so," replied Mrs. Ralph, "but it won't do to go without some little gift. Here it is only a few hours of the time to start, and how are we to get anything?"

"Easiest thing in the world," said Ralph, gayly: "we'll stop at Brown's on our way down."

Now, Mr. Brown was a merchant who had not yet got beyond presiding over his own business, and being in that quarter of the town where keeping open evenings was quite profitable, he attended in person to the wants of the ladies when the coach stopped.

There was little time to give to choosing, so Mr. and Mrs. Quintessing decided quickly upon a fine white Mar scilles bedspread, and Florence and Helen bought a half dozenTurkish towels and a prettily worked table cover. The articles were very appropriate to the occasion, but you will observe that they were rather bulky, and when the Quintessings entered the Hartley hall a little later, they had every appearance of having come to stay, but so sure did they feel of their absolute correctness that they held their heads up with dignity and proudly followed their guide to the dressing-room on the floor above. But once there their misgivings assailed them. The parlors were already well filled, but so far as they had been able to see there were no gifts anywhere. On a chair in the room lay a very pretty apron daintily trimmed with crocheted lace, but whether it was a present or one that some person had just thrown off, they could not determine.

The three ladies were busily consulting together, when Ralph rapped at the door to inquire if they were ready. Helen admitted him. "Ralph," she said in tragic tones, "there isn't a gift here but ours."

"Then we'll be conspicuous by our generosity, won't we?" he said, with a manly disregard for conventionality. "Indeed, we will not," was his wife's

dignified reply, "for of course we shall not present our gifts if there are no others." "Why not? Everyone likes to re-

ceive presents," he protested. to bring anything. It looks grasping. no assistance.

of country greenies."

to do with them?" he inquired.

go home."

figure," he said.

to see if they are all covered," sug- door and down the stoop. when one of them approached.

Florence was just returning from one party to the coach. don't notice so much."

Ralph wasn't sure that he could com- "Glad you did," answered Will; "I is ready to serve. to try. The ladies' room was open and | think of the Quintessings?"

though somewhat embarrassed, and be it." college chum, to attend the celebration | Charlie smoothed down his rumpled | "Well, I never saw anybody so fond feelings and pursued his way down the of dressing-rooms," Charlie continued; or long enough to brown the crumbs again had the floor to himself. This stantly." time fate was kinder, and he knew just where to look. He reached the room replied. "All three of the ladies were and possessed himself of the parcels, gone once, and Clara went up after stir in a heaping teaspoonful of chopped and then, holding them in the shadow | them, thinking one might be ill, but and keeping his eye fixed on the stair- they were simply talking together over way, he ambled sideways along the hall one of her aprons, trying to find out toward the room and deposited them | the stitch or something, Clara thought, toss the potatoes until they have absafely under his coat, feeling a little | They seemed a little embarrassed all coaches are expensive. I think we had like a hero, and a great deal like a the evening, and we concluded that it rogue. Going down, he met his wife | would be kinder to let them alone." "Just as you please," her husband on the stairs. "Hush, don't stop me," she said, hastily, "I want to see if those | Charlie, "but I wish I knew what ailed parcels are well covered."

"They are not there," he whispered;

of remaining at home. That altered the and put them back where they were."



"DON'T STOP ME." SHE SAID.

Ralph was losing patience. "Look here," he grumbled, "I wish you girls would decide between you where you want to put those confounded bundles, and not keep me spooking along the hall like a sneak-thief."

"It's too bad, Ralphie, dear," she answered, with a mollifying pat on his arm, "but just you go this once and I won't ask you again.'

"No; I expect not. I've carried them them for you. It'll be Helen's turn next. I suppose she will want them taken to the roof, or out in the back yard."

Ralph," she said, reproachfully. "Yes, and then comes the going home,

and how we're to get those things to the coach I don't know."

The same idea was weighing heavly on the spirits of all of them. They had planned what they were to do, but were not sure that it would work well. Ralph was to conceal his gift under cat out of the bag explains very sushis coat. Florence's long circular picious behavior on the part of four would hide hers, and Helen was to walk | honest people."-Ladies' World. very close to her sister with the third parcel held between them. These three were to make all haste possible to the door, while Mrs. Quintessing, being unencumbered, was to cover their departure by a slow and dignified exit, making her good-bys so profuse as to atone for the scanty adieus of the others. When the coach was announced they arose in great trepidation, and "Everybody doesn't," contradicted went to the dressing-room. Fortunatehis wife; "I den't like to invite people by they were there alone, for they had to an affair where they are expected assured Mrs. Hartley that they needed fornia Argonauts. Potatoes are 12 cents

Besides, maybe it isn't the thing to do, A few minutes later Ralph, assuming | and champagne \$15.

and we don't want to be taken for a set | ar air of nonchaiance, marched boldly downstairs, his coat on his arm, the "No, indeed," echoed the others, and parcel securely wrapped in it. Behind by dint of much talking Ralph was at him came the others. Several of the last brought to see the thing from their guests had strayed into the lower hall. standpoint. "But what are you going Mr. Hartley stood waiting at the foot of the stairs, and Mrs. Hartley was just ing of them there is none so elever as "That's what we were talking about inside the parlor doors, but came out the Irish woman. For a roasted potato when you came in," Florence replied. as they approached. When they an English hearth takes the prize. We will look around first, and if there reached the hall the host laid a detainare no other gifts, we'll have to hide ing hand on Ralph's coat just in the regained from potatoes when they are them under our wraps and get out with gion of the concealed bundle. "Say, cooked with the skins on, that a greatthem the best we can when it is time to Ralph," he began, but to his surprise er amount of potash and other salts Ralph groaned. "We'll cut a pretty away, and with a frantic look cried been pared before cooking. If potatoes "One of us must come up now and then coachman." Then he sped to the front, in cold water, but if fresh and firm, let

now," and carefully concealing the to follow. Mrs. Quintessing stood a idly so the outside surface will break parcels under her circular as it lay on little in fant of the others to screen and give them a rough appearance the bed, she started to leave the room. them, but then she was tall and slen- when they are to be served as a plain The others followed, and they soon der, and Florence and Helen were short boiled potato. found themselves among the lively and plump, and Florence's circular For potato chowder, cut a quarter throng in the parlor, but the pleasant bulged out strangely at the left, more- of a pound of salt pork into small pieces music, the congenial company, and the over, Heien walked so closely to her and put over the fire in a spider with varying entertainment provided, all sister that the wrappings of the parcel one onion chopped fine, and cook until failed alike to make them forget the rattled suspiciously. 'And Ralph's the pieces are of a golden brown. Peel hidden parcels. Not a single gift could hasty exit left them standing there, the half a dozen large potatoes and cut be found anywhere unless that apron | center of observation, for what seemed | them into cubes. Take a large saucewere one, and so often had they picked an hour. Mrs. Quintessing tried to pan and put a layer of potatoes in the it up for examination that it really chat agreeably, but her thoughts were bottom; then a layer of the prepared seemed to assume an expectant look in a turmoil, and she doubts having said one coherent sentence. Ralph, hav- salt and pepper and chopped parsley. Thus the evening wore away. There ing been relieved of his burden, re- Repeat this until the vegetable and were stolen consultations when- turned, donned his coat, made his pork are used. Turn over the whole ever possible, and numerous flights of adieus, paid gratifying compliments to the drippings from the pan in which investigation to the dressing-room. host and hostess, and then gayly led his the pork was cooked, and then pour over

of these trips when she met Ralph in It would have been strange indeed if pan, and let the contents gently cook the hall. "Ralph," she said, nervously, no one had noticed their rather un- for half an hour. Mix together one "I feel so annoyed about those parcels. usual conduct. After the guests had tablespoonful each of flour and but-Every once in awhile I find the cov- all gone Will and his wife wondered ter, and stir this with one cupful of ers tossed off them. It would be aw- over it, but could think of no possible boiling milk. When the potatoes are ful to have them discovered now. What explanation. The next day Will met sufficiently cooked add one cupful of would people think? Couldn't you just | Charlie Sulger at a restaurant where eream to the boiling milk, and turn carry them into the men's room and they had gone for lunch. "We had a the mixture in with the cooked vegeput your big coat over them? Men good time last night," he said, seating tables. Mix together, taking care not himself opposite to Hartley.

ply with the request, but he was willing enjoyed it. By the way, what did you To bake creamed potatoes, put over

empty. He stole in on tip toe and went "Ralph, of course, always was a good spoonful of butter and stir into it one "Mr. and Mrs. toward the bed. Several circulars were fellow, and the others were fine girls, tablespoonful of flour. Gradually add Ralph Quintess- lying there, and he did not know which but did it strike you-"here Charlie hes- half a cupful of well-seasoned white

lifted them and looked beneath. He Will laughed slightly. "Now you of cream or rich milk, and season with had just raised the last when he heard speak of it," he answered, "I'll admit salt and pepper. Meanwhile cut one sound. It reminded her of quintessence, Mrs. Hartley's voice on the stairs. With there was something a little hasty and a guilty jump he rushed from the bulky about their departure. Clara noroom, ran along the hall toward the ticed it, too. I thought perhaps they men's dressing-room, and went full might have been expecting to stay all low baking dish and put in the prepared posite, was reading the letter the envel- force into Charlie Sulger, who was just might, but as Ralph had ordered the coming out. His apologies were ample, coach to come for him, that couldn't

stairs. Then Ralph waited until he "one or the other of them was there con- and melt the cheese.

"Well, I've always liked Ralph," said

them last night. Their actions and words were mysterious, not to say sus-So both looked upon the matter as de- "I carried them over in the men's room. picious. Of course, I haven't mentioned sided, but it really was not settled, after Florence thought it would be safer." it to anyone else, but perhaps you can fuls of cream, and beat until light. Stir "Inever heard of such a wildidea," she explain. Quite early in the evening I two beaten eggs and season with per-Quintessing sisters, Florence and Helen, replied; "men are the most careless stood near the two girls, and I heard with their evening dresses done up in creatures always walking off with one Miss Helen say in a very much dis- chopped parsley. Thickly butter the neat boxes. They had notes of invita- another's things. Suppose some one turbed tone: 'I can't find another thing inside of a basin or plain mold, cut tion too, and had accepted a week ago; takes your coat and leaves them un- anywhere, and I have looked all cooked carrot into slices, and then in didn't suppose that Ralph would think covered? You had better go at once through the rooms. That remark was some fancy shapes, as diamonds, rings, innocent enough, but it was her sister's or circles, arrange them around the

noticing everything they did or said are a nice brown. Let the mold stand after that, and twice I caught sight of a few minutes after it is taken from Ralph sneaking past the upper stair the oven before turning the potatoes landing and carrying three large par- out upon a hot dish to serve. - N. Y. cels: It was after the second expedi- Snn. tion that I heard Mrs. Quintessing talking to him. 'Did you get the bed spread?' she asked. 'Yes.' 'And the table cover?" 'And all the towels?' 'Of course,' said he, 'they were all together.' Now, what can you make out of such a conversation as that?"

Before Will could give expression to his astonishment, some one stopped at the table, and inquired, laughingly: 'Have a good time last night?" "Oh, hello, Brown!" Charlie ex-

claimed, and Will asked: "How did von hear about it?" "I saw a party of folks who were go-

ing your way. Many presents?" "Many presents?" repeated Willwhy should there be?"

"I thought it was a cotton wedding, First anniversary, wasn't it?" "Well, I've heard of tin, and wooden, and silver and golden weddings, but

never before of a cotton wedding." "Why," went on Mr. Brown, "Quintessing told me about it. He stopped at our store with a coachful of ladies to get something appropriate. I am sure for Florence-now I'm going to earry you will appreciate the things more when I tell you that I helped in the se-

them," said Will, with a meaning glance "It's only for a little while longer, at Charlie Sulger. "I suppose they didn't like to present them when they saw there were no other gifts."

"Now, that's your loss, I assure you," remarked Brown, "but I'm afraid I've been letting the cat out of the bag."

"It's just as well that you did," Charlie observed, when the merchant had gone on his way, "for the letting of that

Why He's Backward.

"I wonder," said the Sweet Young Thing, "why a man is always scared when he proposes?"

"That," said the Chronic Bachelor, "is his guardian angel trying to hold him back."-Indianapolis Journal.

High Prices for Food. The prices of food and drink in Paluwayo recall the palmy days of the Caliapiece, eggs \$5 a dozen, beer \$1 a bottle

A CHAPTER ON POTATOES. More Nutriment Gained by Cooking

Them with the Skins On. cooking potatoes. The French excel in the art of frying potatoes; in the boil-

It is said that more nutriment is the young man jumped nervously will be found in them than if they had out: "Hold on, I want to speak to the are old and withered, put them to cook them be cooked in boiling salted water. gested Florence; "but let us go down As for the ladies, their impulse was Boil potatoes steadily, but not rap-

pork and onions. Sprinkle lightly with all two cupfuls of water. Cover the to crush the potatoes, and the chowder

the fire in a saucepan a generous halfbelonged to Florence. One by one he itated-"that they acted a little queer?" stock and three-quarters of a cupful pound of cold boiled potatoes into slices or cubes, and stir them carefully into the creamed dressing. Butter a shalpotatoes, cover the top with a layer of grated cheese, and sprinkle some fine stale bread crumbs over the whole. Bake in a hot oven about ten minutes

For Ivonnaise potatoes, place a spider "I think that was pure shyness," Will over the fire containing two level tablespoonfuls of butter. When it is melted onion, and let it cook until slightly colored before adding two cupfuls of cold boiled potatoes cut in cubes. Lightly sorbed the butter and taken on some color. Sprinkle the potatoes with salt and pepper and some chopped parsley. Serve hot. The juice of part of a lemon may be used in place of the parsley.

A nice way to serve potatoes for a dinner is as follows: Take one quart of mashed potatoes, add two tablespoonper and salt and two tablespoonfuls of reply that puzzled me. 'We will have mold, and sprinkle the rest of the mold to take home what we have,' she said, with sifted stale bread crumbs. Fill the mold with the prepared potatoes, "I was so struck that I couldn't help place in a hot oven, and bake until they

## HIS GRIP LABELS.

Impressed Everybody But the Young

Lady Who Had Bought Them. The coming man, of course, cuts no ice with the new woman; but then he is up to all sorts of devices to be strictly "in it." A ruddy complexioned, selfconscious young man lugged a leather bag into a downtown Sixth avenue elevated train, and, placing it in front | 6 cent Proprietary, orange, perforate ... 55 of him, where it might be easily seen by other passengers in the car, he | 2 cent Bond, imperiorate. cred with foreign labels of hotels and express companies, and if the young | \$1 Mortgage, full perforate man had accompanied it to every place indicated by the latel he must have been | 1 90 Foreign Exchange, maroon... a globe trotter of no ordinary experience. London, Paris, Cairo, and even 20 00 Probate of Will, imperforate ....... 30 00 Japanese cities were represented by label. The other passengers turned their attention to this leather bag at once. Two elderly women across the sisle from the young man deciphered the labels one by one, and then nudged each other after each effort and repeated the name of the place indicated. The ruddy young man glanced out from "Probably I should, had I received behind his newspaper frequently to notice what impression he was creating. His self-satisfied look lasted until a young woman in one of the cross seats said to her companion, in a high pitched "Yes, I had my trunk done over with

foreign labels before going to the country, by Jones, down on Sixth avenue. He put on some lovely labels-Paris and London and all. He charged 25 cents a label. They got me into a mess of trouble, though. I tried to talk about these places and I didn't know anything about them. I scraped them all off before I had been there a week."

The passengers began to smile, and at the next station the ruddy man and his bag left the train.-Pittsburgh Dis-

Where He Learned. "Why, John, where did you learn to

carve so nicely?" asked Mrs. Hightone Uppercrust, whose footman had carved a turkey. "I used to be a chiropodist on the

Bowery, ma'am," replied John, proud-

ly .- Tammany Times.

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The Page Wire Fence In Bourbon.

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